

NOR RUMMIN - The Ale-Wife of England

ELINOUR RUMMIN,
The famous Ale-wife of England.
Written by Mr. Skelton, Poet Laureat to King
Henry the egiht.



*When Skelton wore the Lawrell Crowne,
My Ale put all the Ale-wiues downe.*

LONDON
Printed for Samuel Rand 1624.

From the Original, in the Library of the Cathedral Church at
Lincoln.

Published, May 12, 1794, according to Act of Parliament,
By W. RICHARDSON, Castle Street, Leicester Square.

George Steevens, the Commentator of Shakspeare.—There is a very curious note relating to this celebrated person in *Widdin's* Bibliomania; or Book Madness, which, as the work is scarce, we have chosen to extract:—
Steevens having learnt that a copy of Skelton's verses on Elinour Rumin, the famous Ale Wife of England, with her portrait in the title-page, was in the library of the Cathedral of Lincoln, he prevailed on the late Dean, Sir Richard Kaye, to bring the book to London; but as it was not suffered to go from the dean's possession, Mr. Steevens was permitted to make a fac-simile drawing of the title at the Dean's house in Harley Street. This drawing he gave to Richardson, the print-seller, who engraved and published it among the scarce portraits to illustrate Oranger. The acquisition of this rarity produced from Steevens the following *jeu d'esprit*, the merit of which can only be truly appreciated by those who had the pleasure of knowing the eminent portrait-collectors therein mentioned, and whose

names are printed in capital letters:
‘ELEONORA REDIVIVA.
‘To seek this nymph among the glorious dead,
Tir'd with his search on earth, is Gulston dead:
Still for these charms enamoured Musgrave sighs;
To class these beauties ardent Bindley dies:
For these (while yet unstaged to public view),
Impatient Brand o'er half the kingdom flew;
These, while their bright ideas round him play,
From classic Weston force the Roman lay;
Oft, too, my Storer, Heaven has heard thee swear,
Not Gallia's murder'd queen was half so fair.
“A new Europa!” cries the exulting Bull,
“My Granger now, I thank the gods, is full.”—
Even Cracherode's self, whom passions rarely move,
At this soft shrine has deign'd to whisper love.
Haste, then, ye swains, who Rummings' form adore,
Possess your Eleanour and sigh no more.’